To loue, to wealth, to pome, I pine and die,
With all these lyuing in Philosophie.
*Berowne.* I can but say their protestation ouer,
So much deare Liedge, I haue already sworne,
That is, to lyue and study heere three yeeres.
But there are other strickt obseruances:
As not to see a woman in that terme,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
And one day in a weeke to touch no foode:
And but one meale on euery day beside:
The which I hope is not enrolled there.
And then to sleepe but three houres in the nyght,
And not be seene to wincke of all the day.
When I was wont to thinke no harme all nyght,
And make a darke nyght too of halfe the day:
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
O these are barraine taskes, too hard to keepe,
Not to see Ladyes, study, fast, not sleepe.
*Ferd.* Your othe is past, to passe away from these.
*Berow.* Let me say no my liedge, and yf you please,
I onely swore to study with your grace,
And stay heere in your Court for three yeeres space.
*Longa.* You swore to that *Berowne*, and to the rest.
*Bero.* By yea and nay sir, than I swore in iest.
What is the ende of study, let me know?
*Ferd.* Why that to know which else we should not know.
*Ber.* Things hid & bard (you meane) from cammon sense.
*Ferd.* I, that is studies god-like recompence.
*Bero.* Com'on then, I will sweare to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus, to study where I well may dine,
When I to fast expressely am forbid,
Or studie where to meete some Mistris fine.
When Mistresses from common sense are hid.
Or hauing sworne too hard a keeping oth,
Studie to breake it, and not breake my troth.
If studies gaine be thus, and this be so,
Studie knowes that which yet it doth not know,





Sweare me to this, and I will nere say no.
*Ferd.* These be the stopps that hinder stu
And traine our intelects to vaine delight.
*Bero.* Why? all delightes are vaine, but th
Which with payne purchas'd, doth inherite
As payne fully to poare vpon a Booke,
To seeke the lyght of trueth, while trueth th
Doth falsely blinde the eye-sight of his look
Light seeking light, doth light of light begu
So ere you finde where light in darknes lyes
Your light growes darke by loosing of your
Studie me how to please the eye in deede,
By fixing it vppon a fayrer eye,
Who dazling so, that eye shalbe his heed,
And giue him light that it was blinded by.
Studie is lyke the heauens glorious Sunne,
That will not be deepe searcht with sawcie
Small haue continuall plodders euer wonne
Saue base authoritie from others Bookes.
These earthly Godfathers of heauens lights
That giue a name to euery fixed Starre,
Haue no more profite of their shyning nigh
Then those that walke and wot not what th
Too much to know, is to know nought bu
And euery Godfather can giue a name.
*Ferd.* How well hees read to reason ag
*Dum.* Proceeded well, to stop all good
*Lon.* He weedes the corne, & still lets gr
*Ber.* The Spring is neare when greene
*Duma.* How followes that?
*Ber.* Fit in his place and tyme.
*Duma.* In reason nothing.
*Bero.* Something then in rime.
*Ferd.* *Berowne* is like an enuious sneapi
That bites the first borne infants of the Sp
*Bero.* Well, say I am, why should proud
Before the Birdes haue any cause to sing?
Why should I ioy in any abhortiue byrth?



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14)